

BATMAN
No. 42

AUG...SEPT.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

*The PARTNERS IN PERIL
face the steel-clawed
fury of
The CATWOMAN*



"Hey—
who's the genius?"



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

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—in the familiar yellow box.



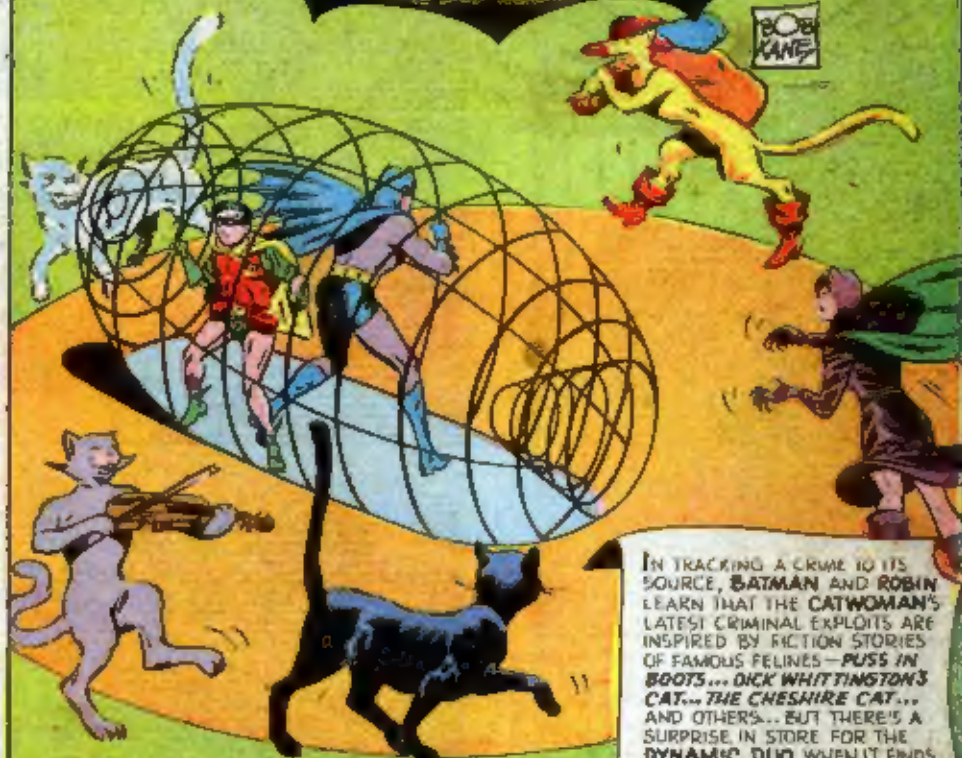
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World-famous little camera

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



IN TRACKING A CRIME TO ITS SOURCE, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** LEARN THAT THE **CATWOMAN**'S LATEST CRIMINAL EXPLOITS ARE INSPIRED BY FICTION STORIES OF FAMOUS FELINES—**PUSS IN BOOTS... DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT... THE CHESHIRE CAT...** AND OTHERS... BUT THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO WHEN IT FINDS THE LAST CHAPTER SCRATCHED IN TERROR BY...

"CLAWS of the CATWOMAN!"

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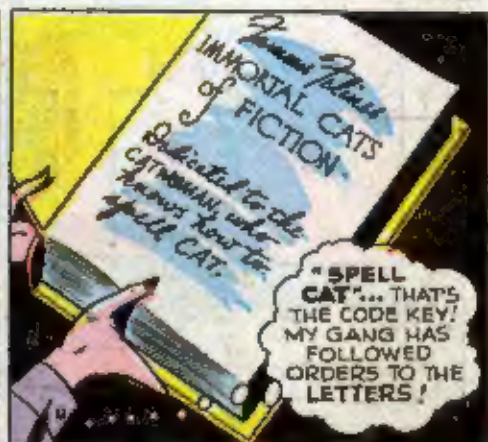
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USUALLY A CANARY IS IN A CAGE, BUT THIS TIME IT'S A CAT—THAT CRIME QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN!

MAIL FOR YOU, KITTEN! IT'S A BOOK!

THANKS!



"SPELL CAT"... THAT'S THE CODE KEY! MY GANG HAS FOLLOWED ORDERS TO THE LETTERS!

FIRST—I TEAR OUT THE THIRD PAGE, WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE THIRD LETTER OF THE ALPHABET—C...



...THEN, PAGES ONE AND TWENTY, MEANING LETTERS A AND T! THAT'S HOW I SPELL C-A-T!

THEN THE CATWOMAN ROLLS THE PAGES INTO A TIGHT BALL, ATTACHES A STRING THAT BECOMES A PUSE...



...AND THIS IS NOW I SPELL ESCAPE!





LATER... THE LAIR OF THE CATWOMAN!

YES, HECATE,
THE "FAMOUS
FELINES OF
FICTION" WILL
FORM MY NEW
CRIME PATTERN...

PURR-RR
PURR-RR

THE NEXT DAY, ON A STREET IN
GOTHAM CITY...

MEOW!
MEOW! MEOW!

TEN LITTLE KITTENS
HUNG UP TO DRY!

SOMEBODY'S GOT
A MEAN SENSE OF
HUMOR! THOSE
POOR LITTLE
KITTENS!

I'LL CALL
THE POLICE!

A POLICEMAN HELPING A CAT--A
FAMILIAR SCENE!

MEOW!
MEOW!

MEANWHILE,
ANOTHER CAT
HELPS HERSELF--
TO GEMS!

THE COP'S
STILL OFF HIS
BEAT!

THANKS, SLUG...
AND THANK
YOU, SIR!

Y-YOU'RE
WELCOME!

I STUCK
THE POSTER
ON THE WINDOW
AS YOU ORDERED!

FINE, IT WILL
GIVE THE POLICE
SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT.

LATER... THOSE UNOFFICIAL LAWMEN,
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK
GRAYSON--ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN--
THINK ABOUT IT ALSO...

"PUSS IN
BOOTS"!
HMM... RIDING
BOOTS?

THAT
REMINDS ME-- THE
RODEO OPENS TONIGHT!
COULD IT MEAN
THE CATWOMAN
IN COWGIRL
BOOTS?

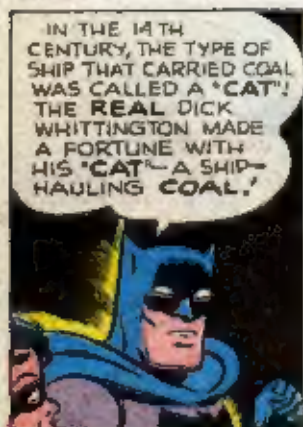


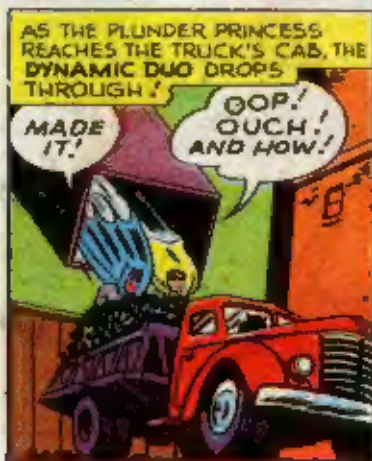
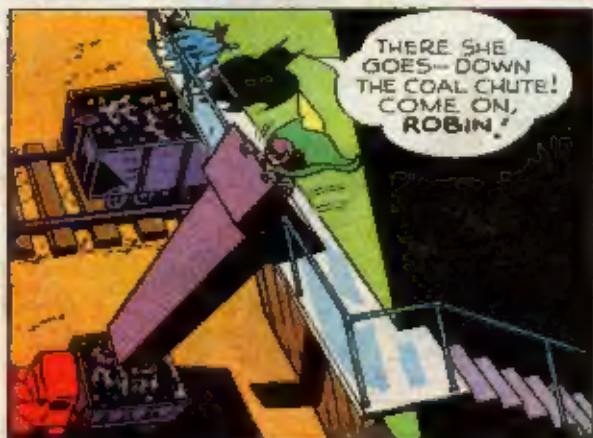


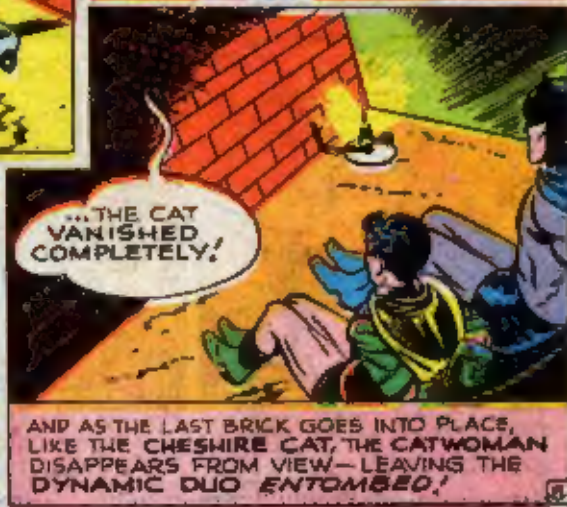


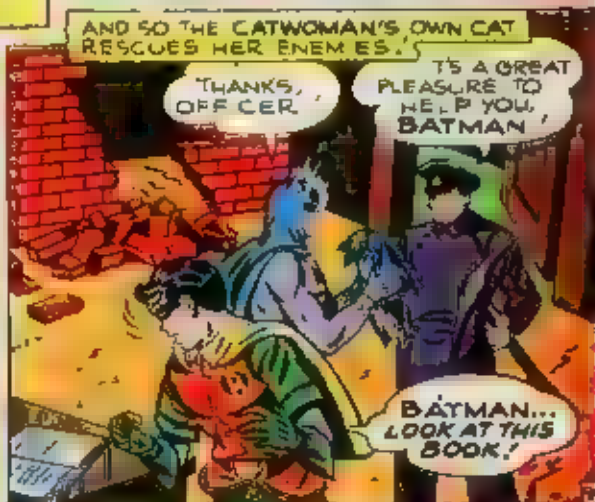
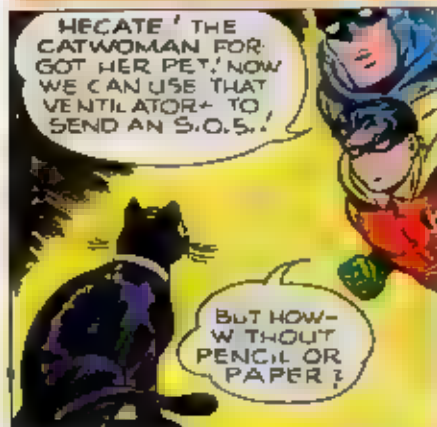
THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES A MORE EXCITING SHOW THAN WAS ADVERTISED!

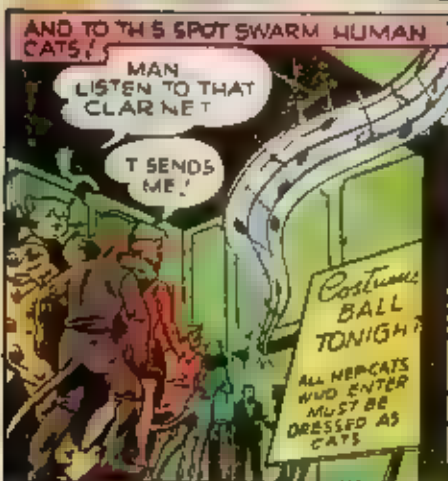
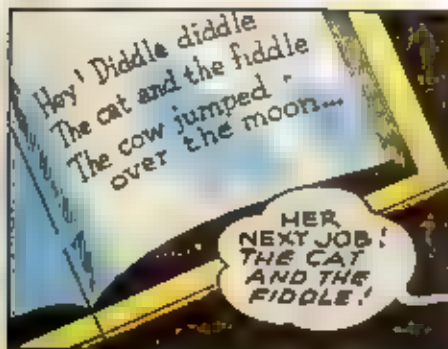


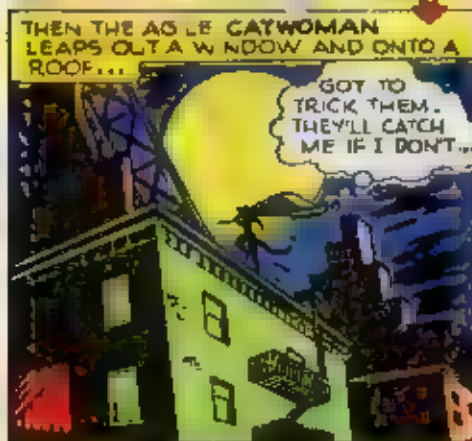




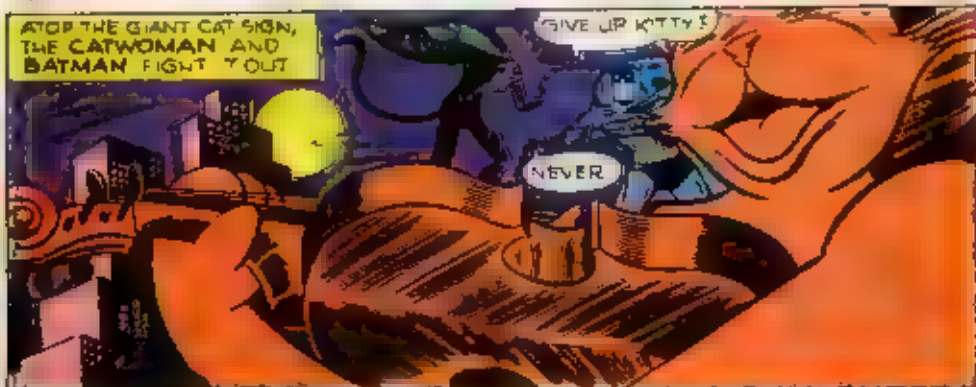








ATOP THE GIANT CAT SIGN,
THE CATWOMAN AND
BATMAN FIGHT TOUT



GIVE UP KITTY?

NEVER

TAKE ONE
MORE
STEP AND
'LL
CLAW
YOU

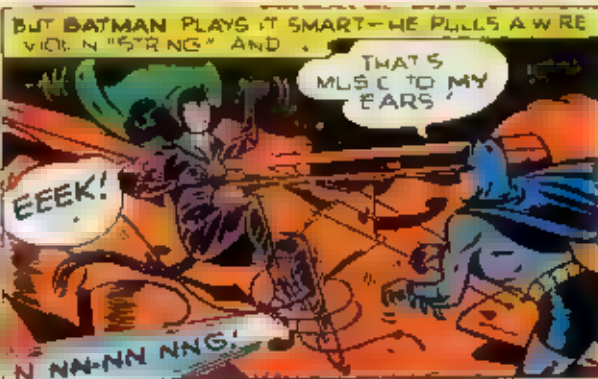


BUT BATMAN PLAYS IT SMART—HE PULLS A WIRE
VIOLIN "STRING" AND . . .

THAT'S
MUSIC TO MY
EARS

EEEEK!

N NNN NNG!



HELP!
I'M STUCK!
I CAN'T
MOVE

GOOD
NOW YOU
CAN LISTEN
TO MY VERSION
OF A FAMOUS
FELINE OF FICTION!
REMEMBER THE
"BELL THE CAT"
STORY?



IT'S A STORY OF HOW SOME
MICE WANTED TO HANG A
BELL ON A CAT SO
THEY'D BE WARNED
OF HER APPROACH!
WELL KITTY, I'VE
JUST HUNG A
BELL ON
YOU!



AND BATMAN ISN'T KIDDING!
FOR BELOW A POLICE CAR
ROLLS UP ITS BELL CLANG
ING WILDLY



CLANG!
CLANG!

Pete REISER

CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR

"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
84 STOLEN BASES
DURING 946 HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL

WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

**"DON'T CATCH
ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU"**

SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE"
MAKE T WHEATIES BREAKFAST OR
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD

THERE'S
NO PLATE
LIKE HOME

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST

WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT

OF CHAMPIONS"

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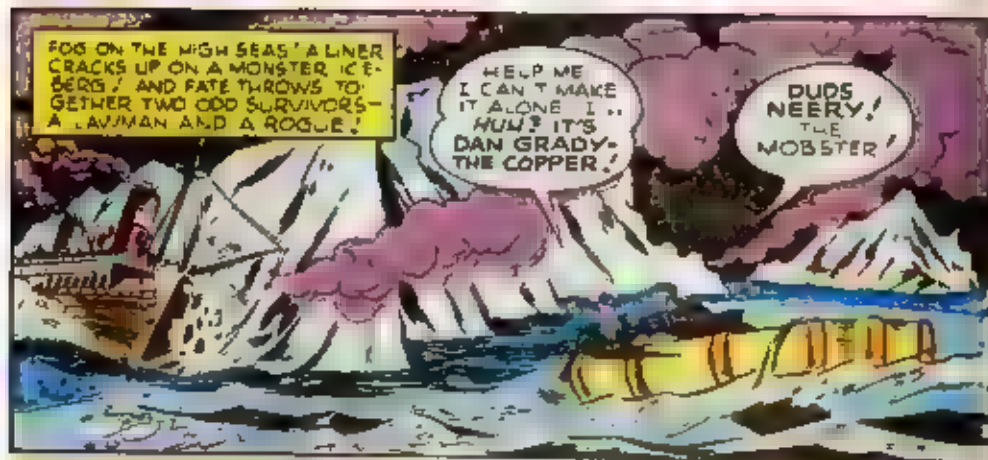
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

By **BOB KANE**

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BATMAN WERE SUDDENLY TO GO BLIND? AND SUPPOSE
GANGLAND WERE TO SUSPECT THAT HE WAS BLIND? BATMAN...BLIND AS A BAT!
JUST IMAGINE IT - BATMAN IN A DARK WORLD WHERE KNIVES GLITTER AND GUNS
GLEAM AND HE CANNOT SEE THEM! AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT DARKNESS, LURKS
AN ENEMY WHOSE HAND REACHES OUT TO UNMASK HIM, AND EXPOSE HIS SECRET
IDENTITY TO THE WORLD. WHAT CAN A BLIND MAN DO IN SUCH A SITUATION?
HOW BATMAN MEETS THIS CHALLENGE IS THE STORY OF THE MOST PERILOUS
GAME EVER PLAYED... A DEADLY GAME OF WITS KNOWN AS...
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!





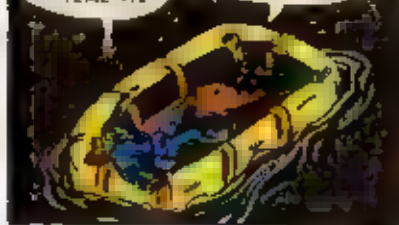
HELP ME
I CAN'T MAKE
IT ALONE I ..
HUN? IT'S
DAN GRADY—
THE COPPER!

DUDS
NEERY!
THE
MOBSTER!

ADrift ON THE RAFT THE TWO
CASTAWAYS WAIT FOR INEVITABLE
DEATH

WE'RE GOING
TO DIE DUDS
AND I THOUGHT
I WAS TAKING A
TRIP FOR MY
HEALTH.

ME TOO .. I WAS
LAMMING 'BATMAN'
WAS CRACKING
DOWN ON MY
RACKET'S HOW
I HATE THAT
BATMAN!



IF I HAD MY CHOICE
OF REVENGE I WOULD'N
KILL BATMAN I'D STOP
HIM BY EXPOSING
HIM SO HE COULDN'T
BE BATMAN
ANY MORE



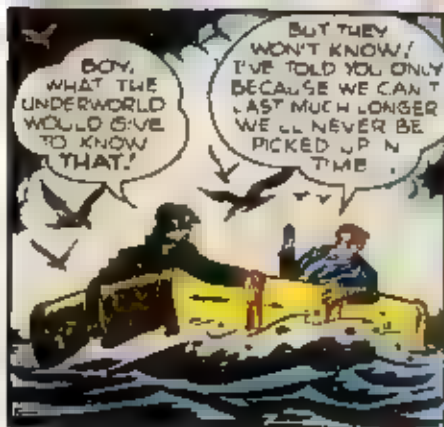
TRYING TO
DISCOVER BATMAN'S
SECRET IDENTITY
HAS BEEN MY
HOBBY FOR
YEARS

TWO MEN WITH NOTHING
TO DO BUT TALK THE
WORDS FLOW EASILY...

I'VE STUDIED POLICE
RECORDS OF ALL
BATMAN'S CASES,
AND I'M CONVINCED
BATMAN IS THE
MURDERER PLAY
BOY BRUCE WAYNE!



HUH?



BOY,
WHAT THE
UNDERWORLD
WOULD GIVE
TO KNOW
THAT!

BUT THEY
WON'T KNOW!
I'VE TOLD YOU ONLY
BECAUSE WE CAN'T
LAST MUCH LONGER
WE'LL NEVER BE
PICKED UP N
TIME

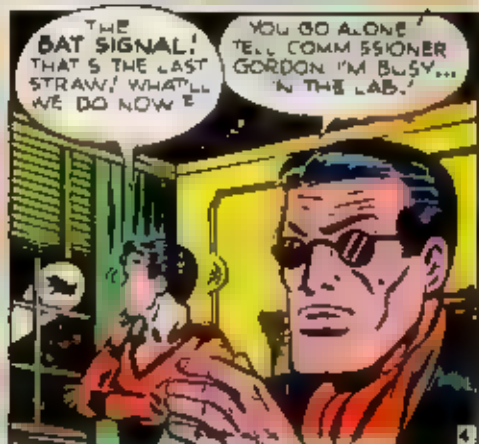
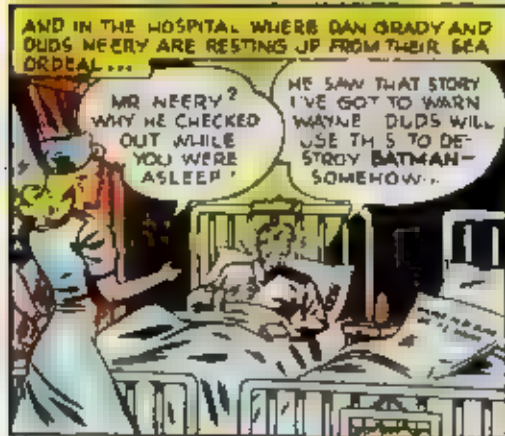
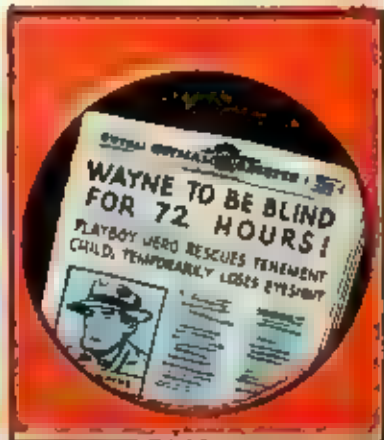
BUT SHORTLY...

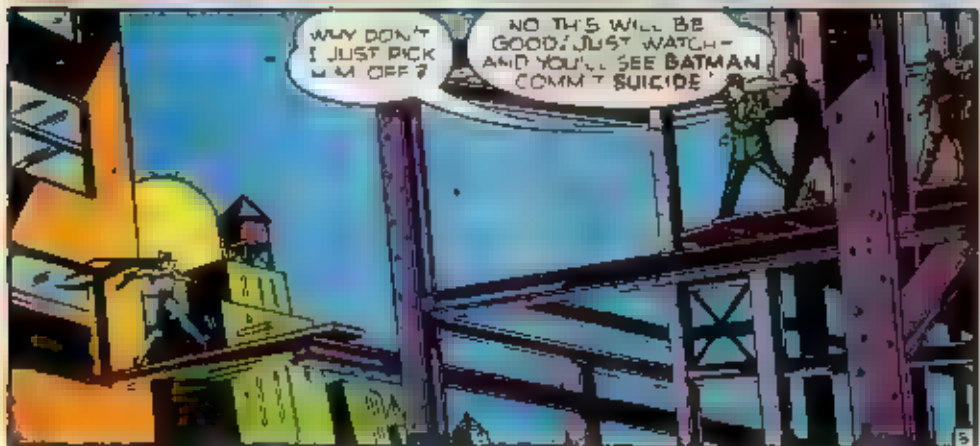
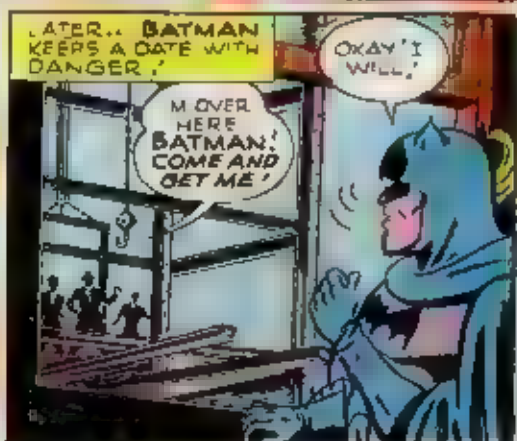
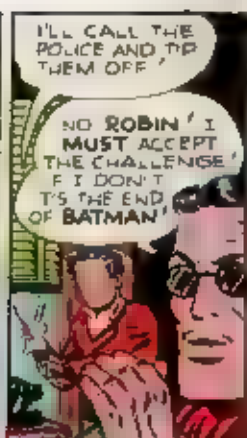
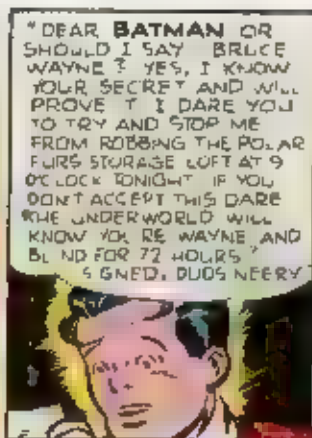


LOOK!
A SHIP
WE'RE GOING
TO BE
SAVED!

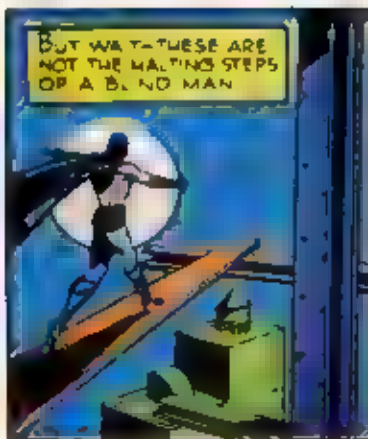
AND I KNOW THE
GREATEST SECRET
IN THE WORLD—
BATMAN'S TRUE
IDENTITY!







BUT WAIT—THESE ARE NOT THE HALTING STEPS OF A BLIND MAN.



HE'S BLIND HOW'D HE KNOW JUST HOW FAR TO JUMP?

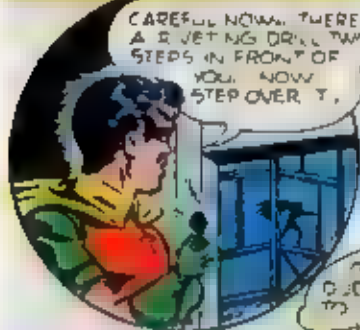
HOW? I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT MUST BE A TRICK. I STILL THINK BATMAN IS BRUCE WAYNE.



THE ANSWER, LIKE AN AIRFIELD, RADIATING TO A PLOT OF BLIND IN A FOOT. ROBIN BROADCASTS TO BLIND BATMAN!

AND HIS BAROQUE'S HIDDEN BY BATMAN'S COME ENABLING HIM TO COME IN ON ROBIN'S BEAM.

CAREFUL NOW, THERE'S A JETTING DRILL TWO STEPS IN FRONT OF YOU. NOW STEP OVER IT.



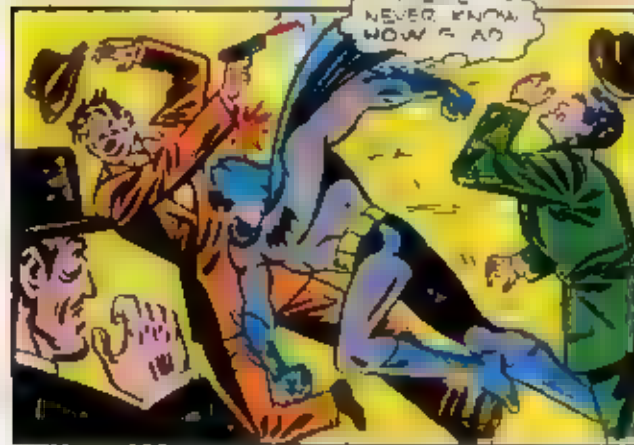
NOW, A LONG LEAP TO THE LEFT, AND YOU'LL POWER-DIVE INTO D.D.S. AND HIS MOB GANG. LUCK.

YOW, DIS GUY AIN'T NO HERE HE COMES!



GREETINGS, I'D BE GLAD TO MEET YOU AGAIN.

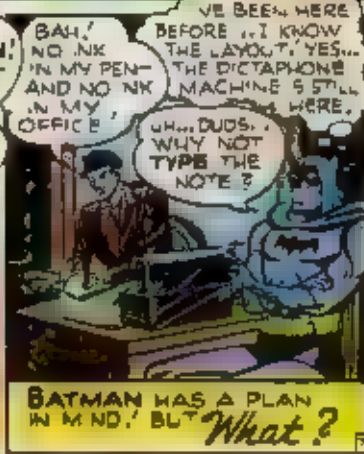
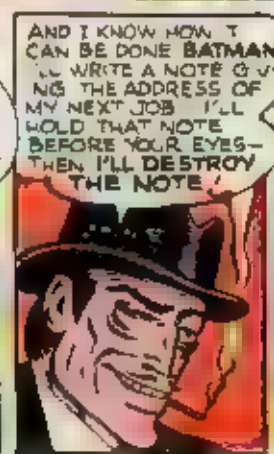
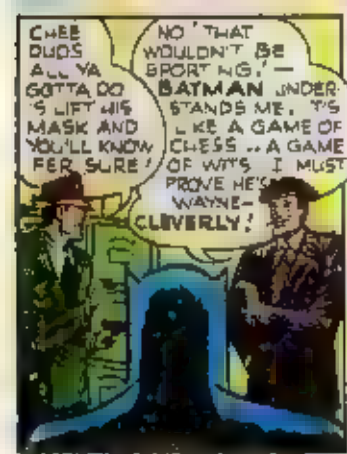
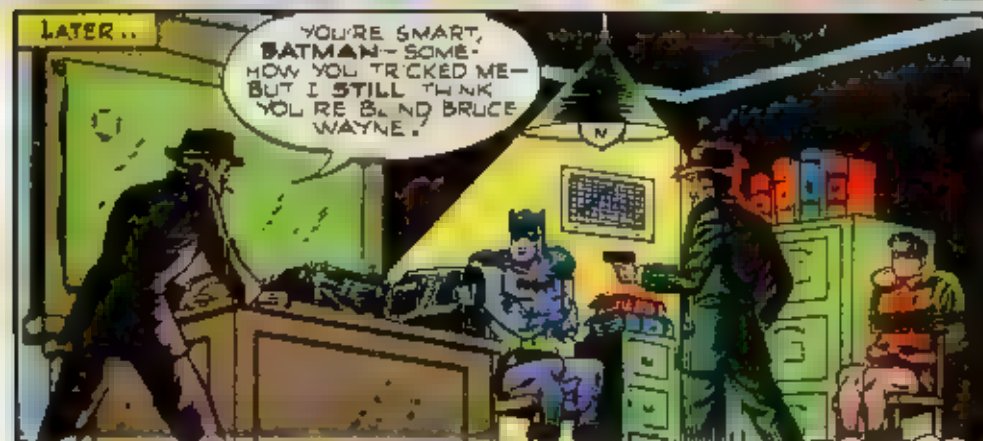
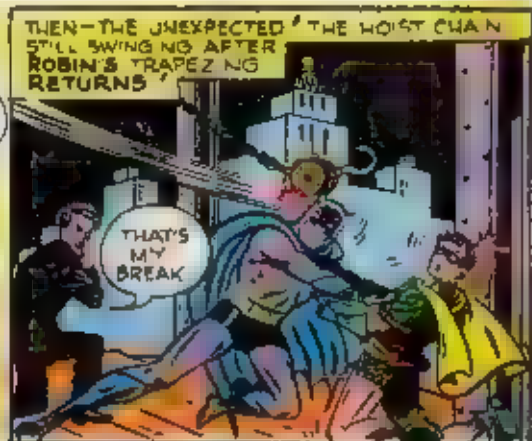
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW NOW & AD.

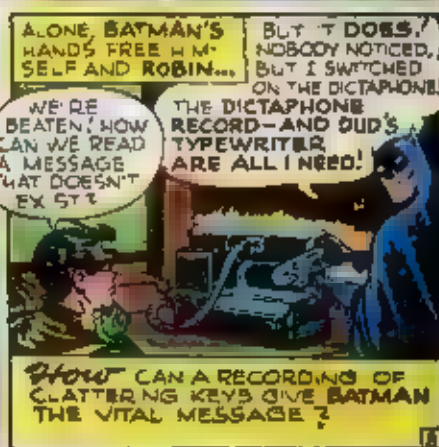
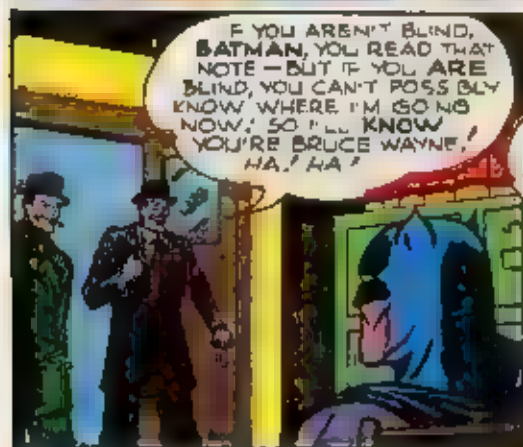
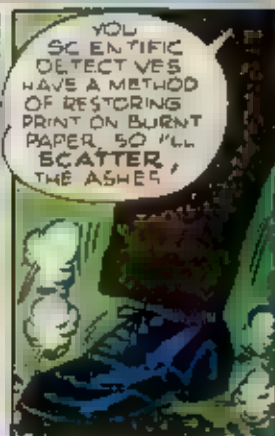
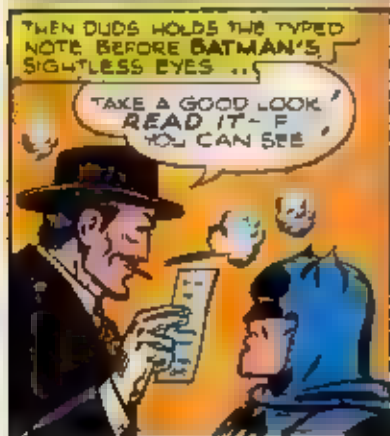


HIS BACK'S TURNED OFF!

WOULD YOU REPEAT THAT PHASE?









SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIED THUGS MAKE A DASH FOR SAFETY!

BATMAN AIN'T BLIND! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

THERE'S OUR CAR!

BATMAN... YOU STAY HERE! I'LL GO AFTER THEM!

AS ROBIN LEAVES, A FIGURE MOVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

WHY DID ROBIN LEAVE YOU BEHIND, BATMAN? IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE BLIND?

ROBIN'S CONCERN IS ODD! DID YOU TRICK ME AGAIN? WELL, THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY TRICKS.

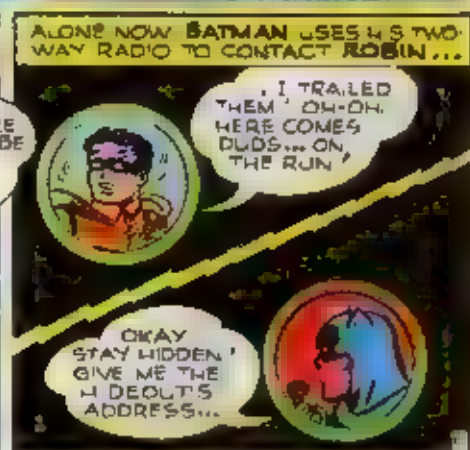
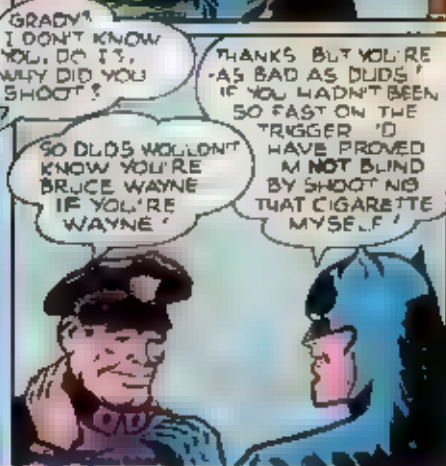
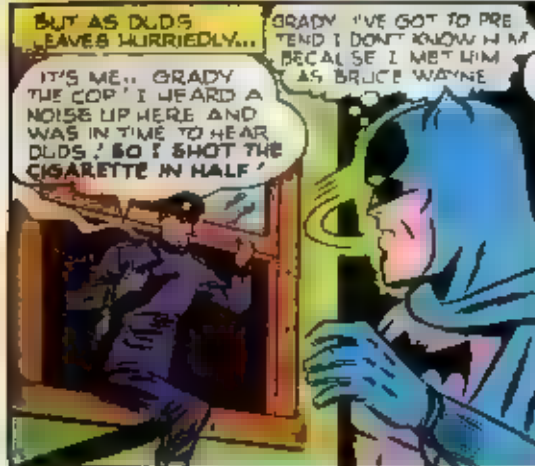
THERE'S MY GUN... IT HAS ONE BULLET IN IT! I DARE YOU TO PICK IT UP, AIM IT AT MY HEART—AND SHOOT.

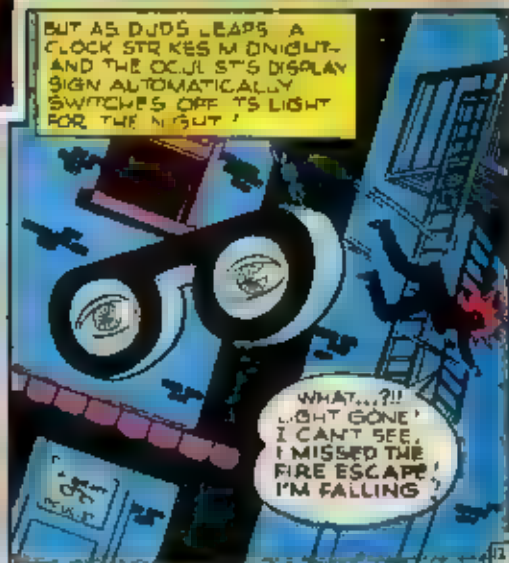
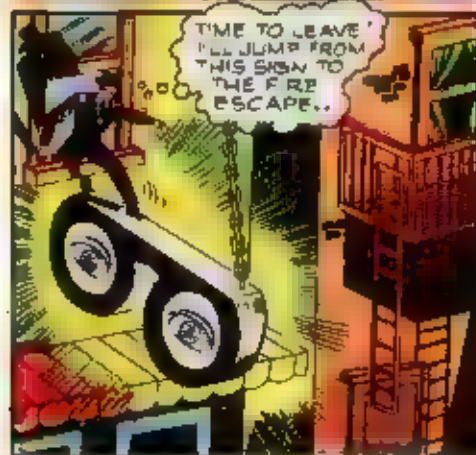
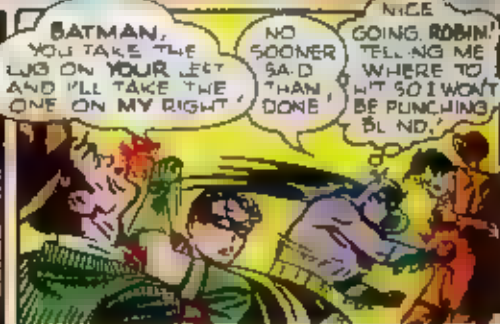
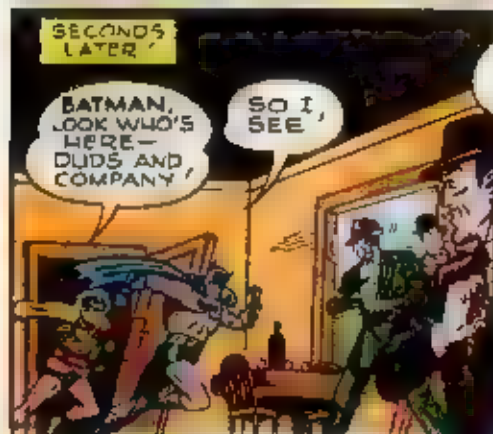
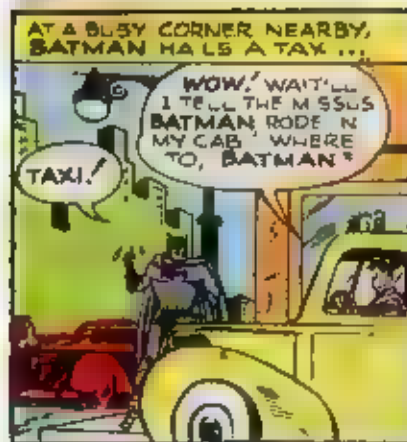
I NEVER KILL... I NEVER USE A GUN... NOT EVEN ON A HOODLUM LIKE YOU! BUT I CAN SHOOT ONE.

I WAS COUNTING ON THAT! BUT YOU CAN PROVE YOU'RE NOT WAYNE... BY SHOOTING A CIGARETTE FROM MY HAND!

SHOOT! BUT REMEMBER—IF YOU'RE BLUFFING IF YOU'RE BLIND—YOU'LL MISS AND MIGHT KILL ME! THEN YOU'LL HAVE KILLED A MAN! WILL YOUR MORAL CODE PERMIT THAT RISK?

SHREWD, DUDS. HE KNOWS BATMAN WOULD NOT RISK KILLING ANYONE! BUT IF BATMAN DOES NOT SHOOT, DUDS WILL HAVE PROVED HE IS THE BLIND BRUCE WAYNE! NEVER HAS BATMAN'S CAREFULLY GUARDED IDENTITY BEEN CLOSER TO UNMASKING!





FROM C
FATE-
DUOS.
WHO
TRIED TO
TRAP
BATMAN
BY HIS
BLIND
EYES, IS
HIMSELF
TRAPPED
BY
"EYES"
THAT
SUDDENLY
GO
"BLIND"!



NEXT DAY, THE DUO KEEPS A PREVIOUS DATE
AT A TOY STORE TO TELL YOUNGSTERS
ABOUT THE EVILS OF CRIME..

WE UNDERSTAND
OLD'S MEN THOUGHT
YOU WERE BRUCE
WAYNE - ANY STATE
MENT, BATMAN?

GEE, I'D
LIKE TO GET
ROBIN'S
AUTOGRAPH!



SUPPOSE I LET
MY ACTIONS
ANSWER THAT!
WATCH THAT
TARGET!



WOW!
BRUCE'S EYE!
ALL OF EM. THAT'S
PROOF ENOUGH FOR
ME THAT BATMAN
IS NOT BRUCE
WAYNE!

ME, TOO!



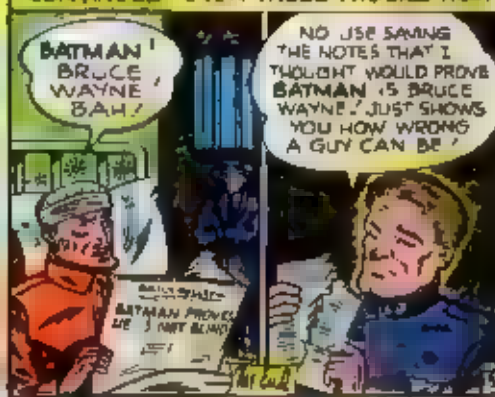
AND BATMAN AND ROBIN GRIN AT EACH
OTHER... FOR, ANTICIPATING THIS SITU-
ATION, THEY HAD PUT A POWERFUL MAGNET
INSIDE THE DART TARGET.



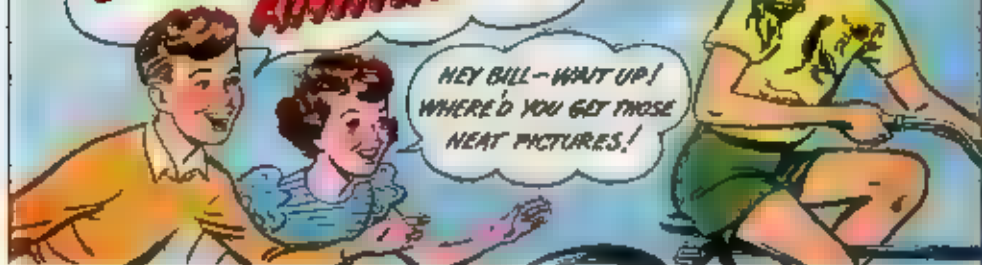
BATMAN'S SECRET IS SAFE! ALL ARE
CONVINCED! EVEN THESE TWO SKEPTICS!

BATMAN!
BRUCE
WAYNE!
BAH!

NO USE SAYING
THE NOTES THAT I
THOUGHT WOULD PROVE
BATMAN IS BRUCE
WAYNE! JUST SHOWS
YOU HOW WRONG
A GUY CAN BE!



**LOOK AT
BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ—
ANIMAL PICTURES!**



THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

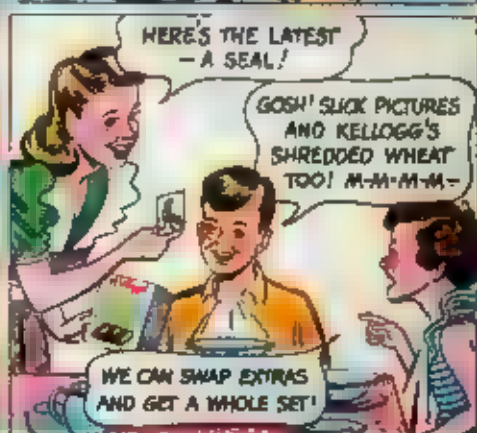
THAT'S FOR US!



HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SLICK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M—

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!



GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—

a picture prize in every package!

EASY— Mom just iron 'em on! Come
out sharp and neat—stand many wash-
ings! There's now a prize in every
package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!



HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

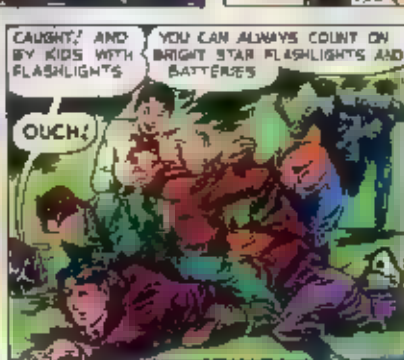


KIDS LOVE IT, MOM!

Full of
that can't-be-beat Kellogg's Fluffy
Full of good old-fashioned, energy-giv-
ing nourishment, too!



ADVERTISEMENT



DEATH STALK

by Bob Baker

MARC BANE moved silently through the woods, every sense alert. The sassafras he had strapped on only a few minutes ago lay snug on his lithe hips. A leather thong held the holster firm against his thigh.

Woodcraft was a science with Marc Bane, and he now brought into play all he knew about it. With Indian Charlie on the loose, a man had to keep his senses about him. This was a death stalk, and Marc Bane knew it.

His nervous, questing eyes scanned the ground carefully. Marc Bane knew it would not be easy to pick up Charlie's trail. Even now the Indian might be watching him, ready to send an arrow of death his way.

From somewhere on his left came the shrill cry of a bird. Marc Bane paused, tense. Was that a signal? He wondered. Does Charlie see me?

For a long moment he stood tense and silent. Then, gradually, he relaxed. He moved forward, eyes on the ground. Suddenly, he stopped and a smile broke the tension in his face. It was only a tiny piece of paper, and it might have gone unnoticed by a stalker less skilled than Marc Bane.

He picked it up, put it in his pocket. "I'm on his trail now!" he told himself exultantly. "And he'll never get away from me!"

Marc Bane's hands stole to his guns, stayed there as he moved forward. To his right a creek bubbled softly over the rocks. It was cool in the woods, despite the heat of the noonday sun.

As he thought of noon, Marc Bane's

forehead furrowed. He had just remembered something else, something mighty important. For a moment, he considered turning back, then he shook his head. "Just a little more time," he murmured, "that's all I need—a little more time."

There was a sudden noise in the foliage ahead. Quickly, Marc Bane slipped behind a tree. It was quite possible that Indian Charlie, thinking to shake off his pursuer, might double back on his tracks.

Hidden behind the tree, he waited. The guns were out of their holsters now, hammers cocked.

He breathed a sigh of relief as three people emerged from a dense part of the woods. They carried picnic baskets with them. They were girls, about fourteen years of age.

Marc Bane watched them with cool eyes as they passed on without seeing him. "Picnickers!" He shook his head. "Mighty dangerous for them to be in the woods right now."

Then he stiffened as the words of one of the girls reached him. She was saying:

"I was scared half to death! Imagine—an Indian!"

One of the other girls laughed. "It was all right, Mildred. You could see he had something on his mind. He wasn't interested in us."

Indian! Marc Bane's pulse jumped. Indian Charlie wasn't far away, and, apparently he was moving north, for the picnickers had come from that direction.

"He knows he's being followed now."

Marc Bane breathed. "And he'll know it's me that's on his trail. Hot on it."

He stepped from behind the tree. The girls had come from approximately northeast. That could mean that Indian Charlie was working his way along the creek.

"And he's probably heading for the cave," Marc Bane exulted, "to wait for me to show up." He could picture it in his mind -- Indian Charlie, beady eyes cold, waiting to send an arrow into Marc Bane.

Confident now that he was on the right trail, Marc Bane cut away from the creek. His circuitous course took him over rocks which played hob with his clothing.

He was breathing heavily as he neared his goal. He had come up behind the cave. Now, moving in a half-crouch, carefully, cautiously he inched toward the cave, sure that Indian Charlie was already there.

Marc Bane dropped to his hands and knees as he reached the top of the cave. Below, the brook rushed past and, over the noise of the water, Marc Bane heard a sound -- a human, familiar sound.

A sneeze! There was someone in the cave. Indian Charlie?

Marc Bane looked around. Suddenly, something brushed past his legs. He jumped back as a yellow form streaked past him. A wildcat. He called it a name, under his breath, for startling him.

Then he stiffened, his breath silent in his throat at the more compelling danger that was before him. The feathers on Indian Charlie's headdress were rising up out of the cave. No time now to reach for a gun. Marc Bane knew how fast Indian Charlie could move.

He leaped.

His arms locked around the lithe form of Indian Charlie and the two, the pursuer and the pursued, rolled on the ground. There was a slight slope to the ground and this Marc Bane had not reckoned with as he tried vainly to get his guns.

"Look out," Indian Charlie grunted, "we're going in."

The warning came too late. Arms still locked around each other, they fell into the brook. The cold water knifed through to their skins. They stopped fighting briefly as they struggled to regain their feet, to get up out of the icy water.

Indian Charlie pushed Marc Bane away. He looked at his wet clothes, his bedraggled headdress. Fear was in his eyes, but it was not fear of Marc Bane's guns.

"Golly, Marc," he said, "you shoulda been more careful, jumping on me like that. Now look at us. Boy, will we get it when Mom sees us!" He bent to slap water from his pants. "What time is it?"

Marc Bane brushed water from his eyes. "I think it's way past dinnertime," he said, "and you know Pop." He, too, looked worried. "I -- I forgot to get the meat for his lunch."

Suddenly, his face brightened. "Hey, I saw Mrs. Pearce's cat a couple of minutes ago. He must have run away from home. If we can catch him and bring him back, nobody'll say anything. Come on."

Anxiously, the two foes, allied now, hurried in search of the runaway cat.

And at home, Mrs. Bane was saying to her husband, "Bill, I just don't know what to do with those two boys since you gave them those cowboy and Indian suits. They spend all their time in the park!"

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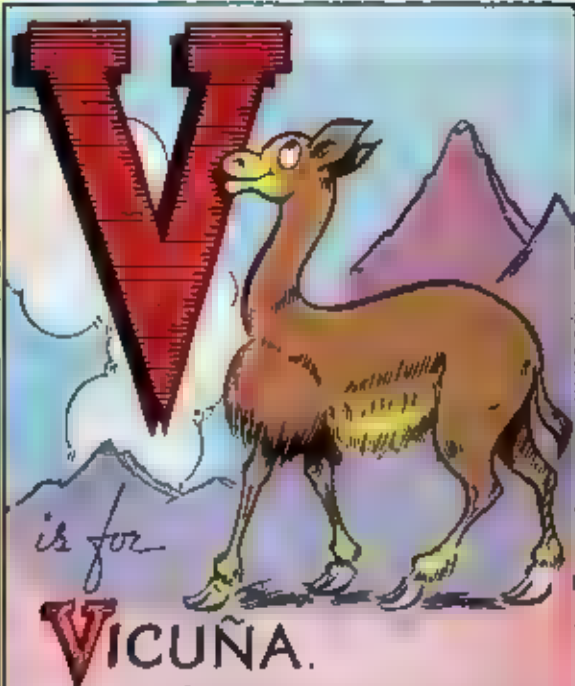
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DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY,
HE RUMINATES ON GRASSES
AND HE SAYS
"NOW THAT AIN'T HAY!"
"AND AS FOR COMIC BOOKS,
MY FRIENDS,
I'LL TELL YOU FOLKS NO LIE-
THE ONES THAT BEAR
THIS GOOD OLD SIGN
ARE THE ONLY ONES TO BUY!"



ON THE COVER OF
BUZZY
FOR EXAMPLE,
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE.

BATMAN

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

STRANGE AND FEARFUL ARMORED
MONSTERS STALK THE STREETS
OF GOTHAM CITY... METAL
PROXIES WHO CLANK THROUGH
THE NIGHT OBEYING THEIR
MASTERS WHO MOVE THEM
LIKE MONSTER MARIONETTES!
BUT A MAN AND A BOY
CHALLENGE THESE GIANT
PAWNS OF PERIL... BATMAN
AND ROBIN THE BOY
WONDER... WHO BATTLE ALL
CRIMINALS. EVEN IF THE
BANDITS ARE INHUMAN, LIKE...

**"THE ROBOT
ROBBERS!"**





THIS IS 'LIFE'S ROW' IN STATE PRISON WHERE HARDENED CRIMINALS SERVE A SENTENCE SOME CONSIDER WORSE THAN DEATH—LIFE IMPRISONMENT. MEET JAWBONE BANNON



THE JUDGE GIMME 99 YEARS! I ONLY GOT 60 YEARS TO GO. AIN'T THAT A LAUGH!

WHITEY DREBS, WHO HAS SERVED 28 YEARS...



I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE OUTSIDE? I'LL BET EVEN THE RACKETS HAVE CHANGED!

AND FOUR EYES FOLEY?

IT'S BEEN 36 YEARS SINCE I PULLED MY LAST JOB, BUT I AIN'T RUSTY! FI! EVER GET OUT...



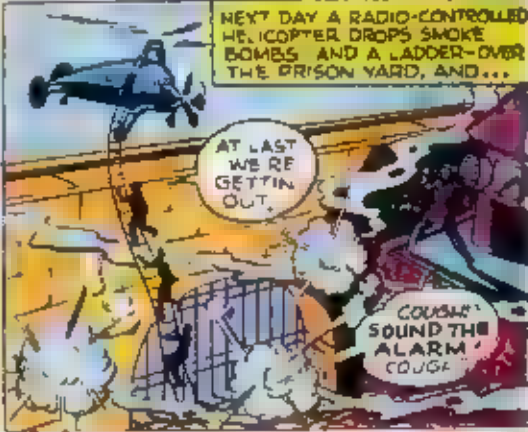
THEN ONE DAY COMES A RAY OF HOPE — A SMUGGLED NOTE.



SAY, THIS NOTE SAYS A PLANE'S GONNA SPRING US TOMORROW!

AND WHY IS HE PICKIN THREE OLD T MERS LIKE US?

BUT WHO'S BEHIND IT?



NEXT DAY A RADIO-CONTROLLED HELICOPTER DROPS SMOKE BOMBS AND A LADDER-OVER THE PRISON YARD, AND...

AT LAST WE'RE GETTIN OUT.

COUGH! SOUND THE ALARM! COUGH!



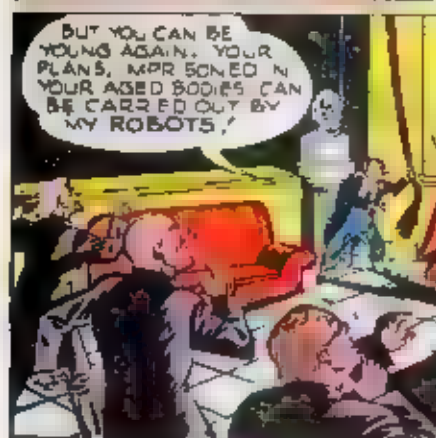
THE MYSTERY PLANE TRANSPORTS THE TRIO TO A HUGE ESTATE...

I AM DOCTOR HERCULES—YOUR LIBERATOR! COME N AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I FREED YOU LIFERS

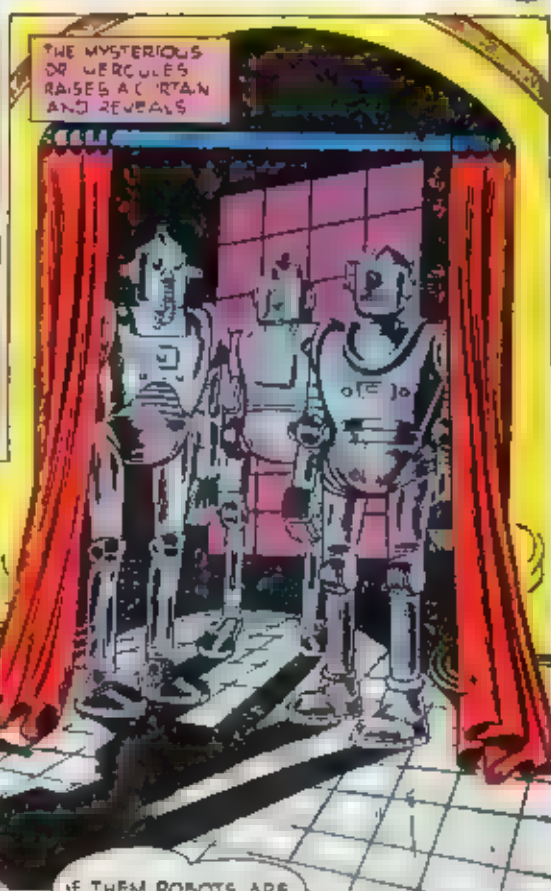


MANY YEARS AGO, YOU THREE WERE TALENTED CRIMINALS - BUT TODAY YOU'RE ALL TOO OLD FOR CRIME!

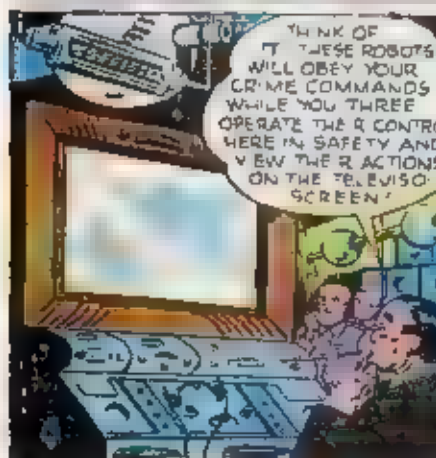
YEAH WE GOT SOME SWEET IDEAS BUT WE'RE RUSTY



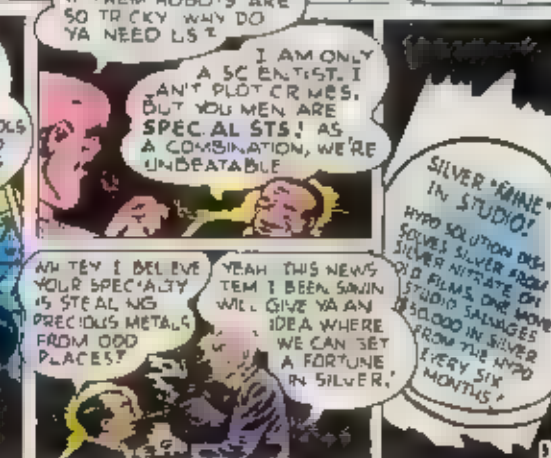
BUT YOU CAN BE YOUNG AGAIN. YOUR PLANS, MODERNIZED IN YOUR AGED BODIES CAN BE CARRIED OUT BY MY ROBOTS!



THE MYSTERIOUS DR. MERCURIO RAISES A CURTAIN AND REVEALS



THINK OF IT! THESE ROBOTS WILL OBEY YOUR CRIME COMMANDS WHILE YOU THREE OPERATE THE REMOTE CONTROLS HERE IN SAFETY AND VIEW THEIR ACTIONS ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN!



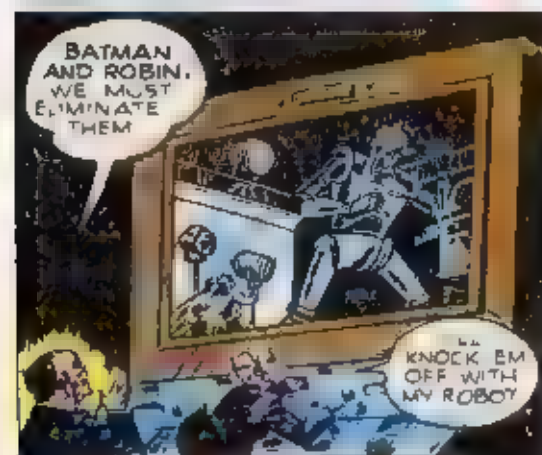
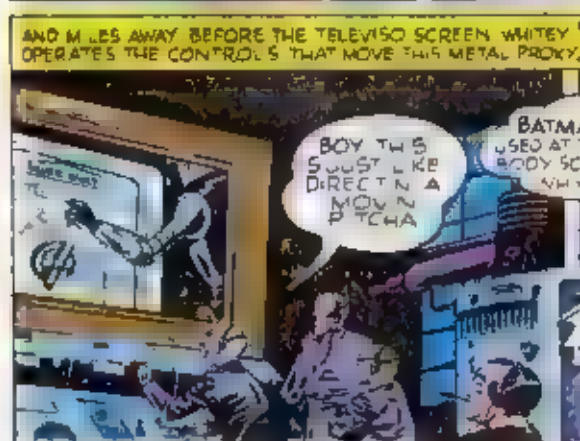
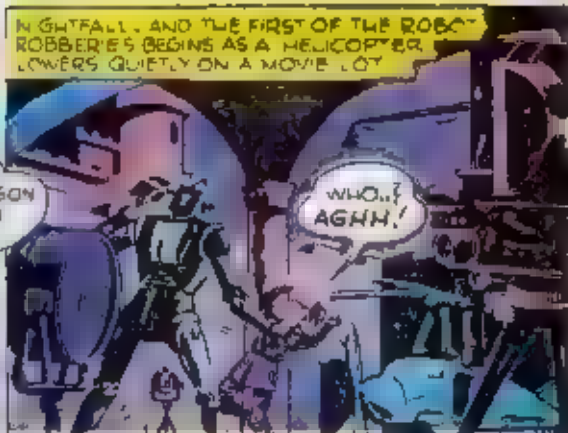
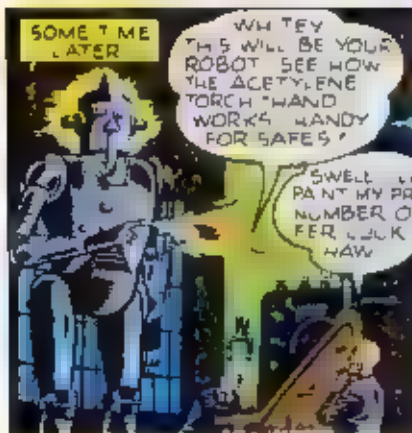
IF THESE ROBOTS ARE SO TROUBLE, WHY DO YOU NEED US?

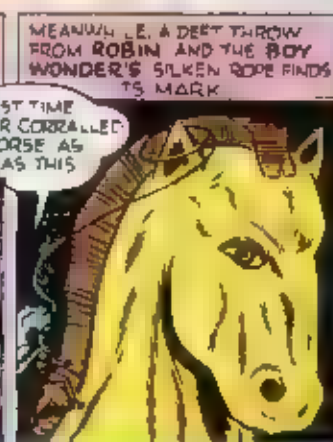
I AM ONLY A SCIENTIST. I CAN'T PLOT CRIMES. BUT YOU MEN ARE SPECIALISTS! AS A COMBINATION, WE'RE UNDEFEATABLE!

WHY? I BELIEVE YOUR SPECIALTY IS STEALING PRECIOUS METALS FROM ODD PLACES?

YEAH THIS NEWS ITEM I'VE BEEN HEARING WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA WHERE WE CAN SET A FORTUNE IN SILVER.

SILVER "KING" IN STUDIO!
HYDRO SOLUTION DESK
SILVER SILVER FROM
OLD FILMS ONE MOVE
STUDIO SALVAGES
\$50,000 IN SILVER
FROM THE HYDRO
EVERY SIX MONTHS!





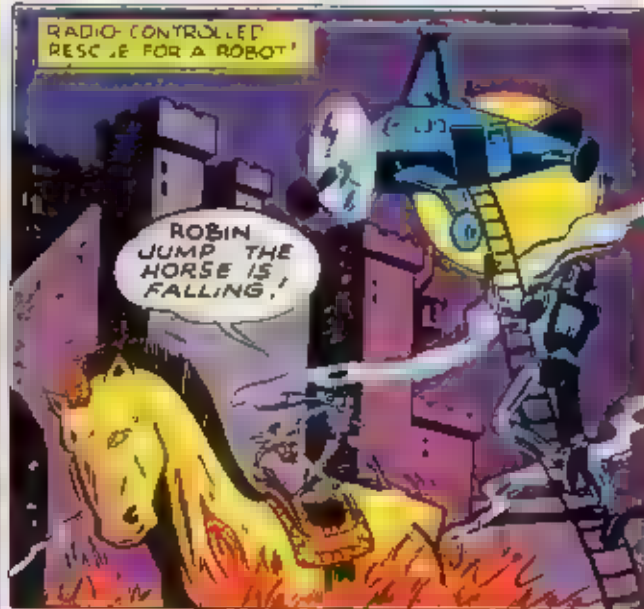
MEANWHILE, BACK AT DR. MERCELES' CRIME CITADEL...

THE WHOLE SET IS BURNING! YOU MUST SAVE YOUR ROBOT, QUICKLY YOU FOOL—SEND THE HELICOPTER TO HIM!



RADIO-CONTROLLED RESCUE FOR A ROBOT!

ROBIN JUMP THE HORSE IS FALLING!



A FER

MY POOR ROBOT HE ALMOST GOT KILLED

IF HE HAD THE RESULTS WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL FOR HIM AND YOU!

DR. MERCELES, I'VE TAKEN MORE OUTA MUSEUMS THAN THEY PUT IN 'EM

FOUR EYES I HEAR YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT LOOTING MUSEUMS



MEANWHILE... TWO CRIME BUSTERS ARE NOT IDLE...

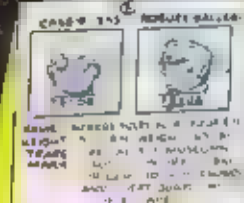
THIS NEWSPAPER STORY 83195 THE NUMBER ON THAT ROBOT IS THE SAME AS ON ONE OF THOSE ESCAPED LEPERS GOING DANCE

I WONDER! LET'S CHECK WITH OUR FILES!





FROM THE BATMAN'S
INGENIOUS FILES THAT
CONTAIN THOUSANDS
OF CRIME STORIES
ON MICRO FILM...



SUDDENLY,
POLICE
ALARMS

FOUR-
EYES!

CALL US CAR
IS ROBOT IN
GOTHAM MUSEUM!
GUARDS STOPPED
BY TROOPS
FIGHTING FOR
SPILLED
GEMS.

THE METEORIC SPEED OF
THE BATMOBILE
BEATS THE POLICE CAR
TO THE SCENE WHERE.

HE COULDN'T
GET THROUGH
THAT MOB SO
HE'LL HEAD FOR
THE REAR.
COME ON!

WOW!
FREE
JEWELS!

DIAMONDS!
FINDERS
KEEPERS!

A SURPRISE THAT'S
GOING TO KNOCK THAT
ROBOT RIGHT OFF
HIS FEET

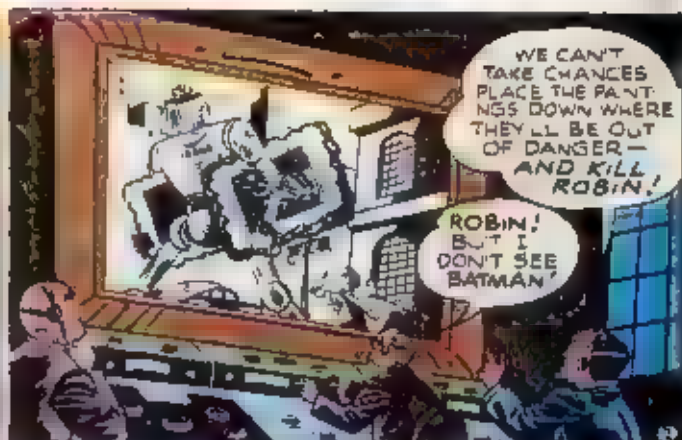
WHAT'S
IN THAT
PACKAGE?

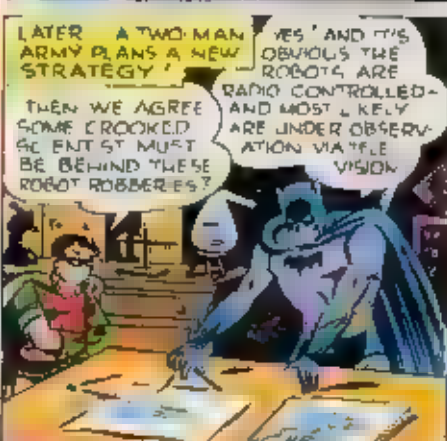
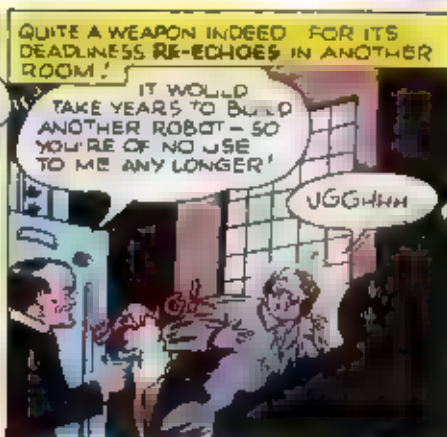
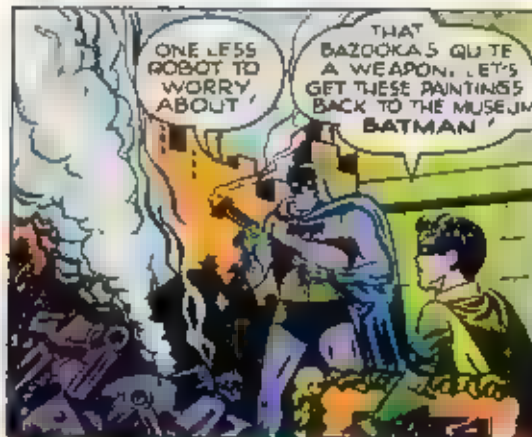
THIS LITTLE
TANK BUSTER IS
JUST THE THING
FOR THAT METAL
MARIONETTE

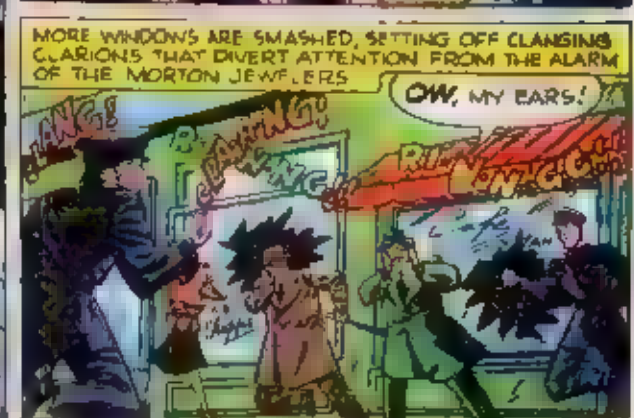
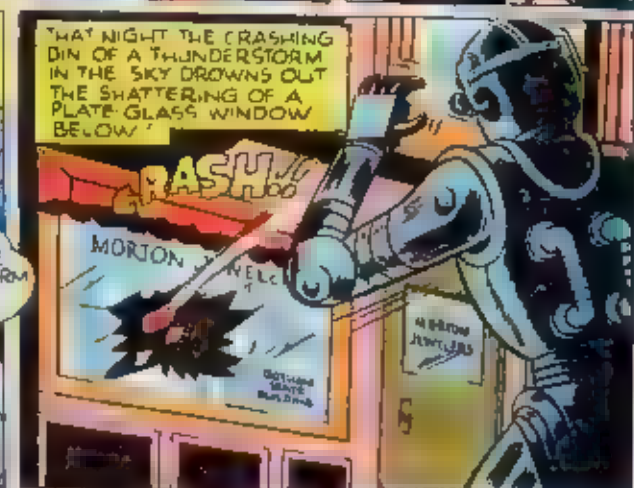
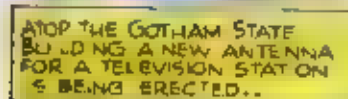
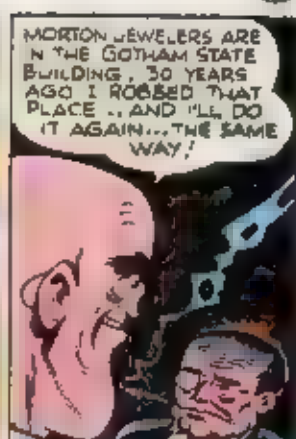
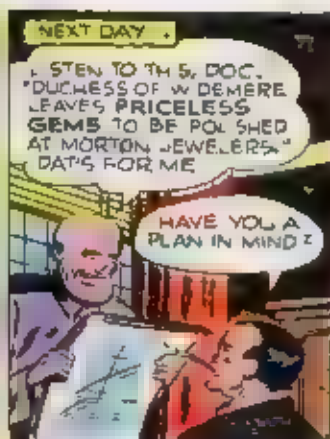
A
BAZOOKA!

HERE
WE
COMES!
GET SET

WAIT! I CAN'T SHOOT
WHILE HE'S HOLDING
THOSE PRICELESS
MUSEUM
PAINTINGS







PRESENTLY IN THE EXPRESS
ELEVATOR ROCKETING UP TO
THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING'S
OBSERVATION TOWER..

30 YEARS AGO
AFTER I GOT THE
SWAG THERE WAS A
SMALL BUMP WAITIN'
FER ME GETAWAY... NOW
THERE LL BE A HELI
COPTER BUT THE
TECHNIQUE'S THE
SAME HA HA!

BUT ALSO
WAITING ARE
BATMAN!
AND ROBIN!

GREETINGS!



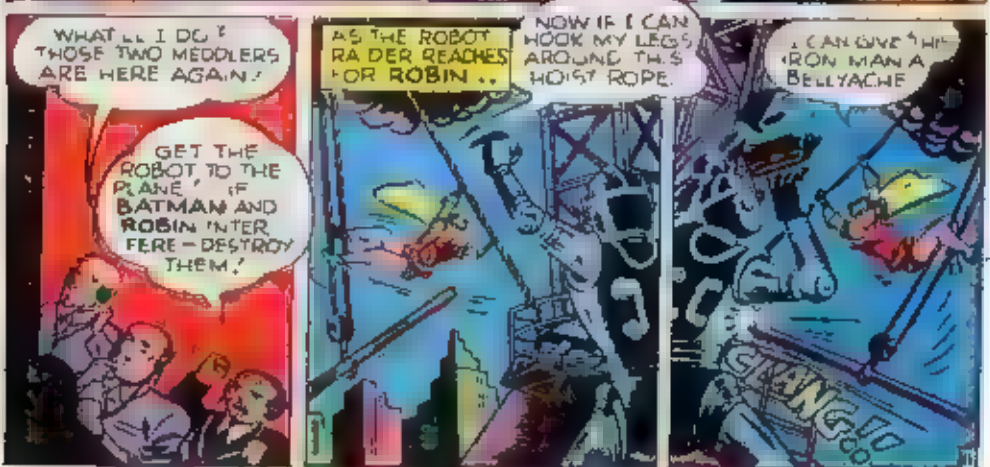
WHAT LL I DO?
THOSE TWO MEDDLERS
ARE HERE AGAIN!

GET THE
ROBOT TO THE
PLANE, IF
BATMAN AND
ROBIN INTER-
FERE - DESTROY
THEM!

AS THE ROBOT
RAIDER REACHES
FOR ROBIN..

NOW IF I CAN
HOOK MY LEGS
AROUND THIS
HOIST ROPE.

I CAN GIVE HIM
IRON MAN A
BELLACHE





BACK AT THE
CONTROL
ROOM...

ANOTHER
BLOW LIKE THAT
COULD INJURE THE
ROBOT'S DELICATE
MECHANISM. FOR
GET ROBIN...
GET YOUR ROBOT
CLIMBING

AND AS THE ROBOT CLIMBS
OMINOUS CLOUDS GATHER
IN THE FROWNING SKY
AND THUNDER BOOMS
NEARER...



NOW THE ACROBATMAN SPINS ON
THE SLIM SKY-HIGH CROSS BAR



HERE
COMES THE
HELICOPTER
HE MADE
IT



MAYBE
THIS WILL SLOW
YOU UP A LITTLE
METAL MAN

NO I
THINK WE
DELAYED HIM
LONG ENOUGH
HERE COMES
THE STORM!

BUT THE ROBOT
BRUSHES BATMAN
ASIDE LIKE AN
ANNOYING INSECT!
UP HE CLIMBS... UP
...UNTIL HE IS THE
HIGHEST POINT IN
GOTHAM'S SKYLINE



ABRUPTLY LIKE A CROOKED FINGER OF DOOM, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE ROBOT!



AND AT THAT INSTANT IN THE CONTROL ROOM



WHEN THEIR VISIBLE LIFELINES SNAPPED, THE HELICOPTER AND THE MONSTER ROBOT PLUNGE TO A SHATTERING DOOM.

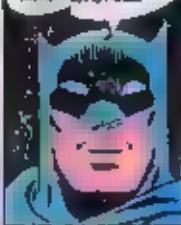


LATER, BATMAN EXPLAINS...

I KNEW JAWBONE'S METHOD OF CRIME SO I HAD TO LURE HIS ROBOT HERE DURING A LIGHTNING STORM

BUT WHY WERE YOU SURE THE LIGHTNING WOULD HIT THE ROBOT?

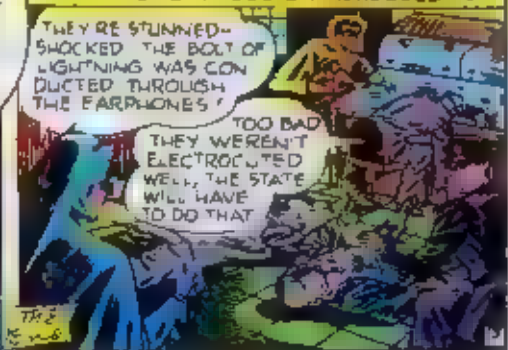
LIGHTNING IN-VARIABLELY SEEKS THE TALLEST POINT IN THE CITY - AND GOTHAM'S HIGHEST POINT IS THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A STEEL ROBOT ON ITS ANTENNA!



LATER, BY CHECKING SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE HELICOPTER PARTS, THE PURCHASES ARE TRACED TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR MERCELES

THEY'RE STUNNED—SHOCKED THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS CONDUCTED THROUGH THE EARPHONES!

TOO BAD THEY WEREN'T ELECTROCUTED WELL, THE STATE WILL HAVE TO DO THAT



COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post's Cereal Circus
 now ready! Shoot the little man from
 the cannon! Make the lively black
 leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS
 and a GRAPE-NUTS
BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—
 wait, wait, wait till you get your
 hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little
 man from a cannon. The lively black
 leopard does real somersaults. There
 are cowboys, and bronchos that
 jump enough back. And hats not
 all.

You also get a fat lady, an India
 rubber man, a bearded lady, a

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All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable
 cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing is
 cut or pasted. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top
 of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the milky-
 sweet, sugared cereal that tastes like more. Rush your
 box top up and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS
 CIRCUS, Ring No. 3.

Post's CEREALS CIRCUS
 Box 259-B, Battle Creek, Michigan
 Here's my box top. Here's my dime. Send me the
 big Circus Ring No. 3.

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____

STATE _____





PLAYFUL

POP

LISTEN, POP THIS IS AN IMITATION OF A TRAIN.



AND THIS IS WHAT THE BIG GUNS ON A BATTLESHIP SOUND LIKE



NOT BAD. LET ME SHOW YOU MY IMITATION OF A VIOLENT TORNADO.

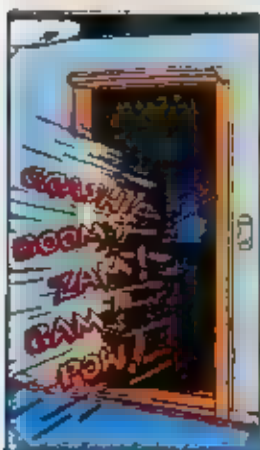


I'LL BACK UP A LITTLE IT SOUNDS BETTER AT A DISTANCE



YEAH?

GEE, POP THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN IMITATION OF A MAN FALLING DOWN STAIRS!



I JUST DID!



LEARN

INSIDE BASEBALL

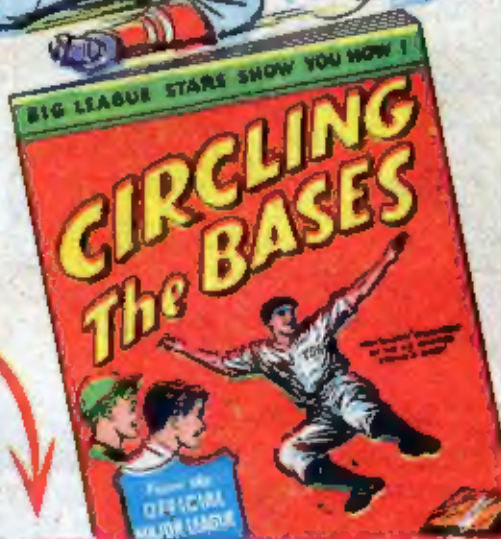
FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE
THE BIG LEAGUERS
DO IT!



SEND FOR IT
TODAY!



● You'll star on the bases—be the envy of your team—when you get all the “inside dope” from this exciting picture book! The champion base stealers and speed kings of the American League—“Snuffy” Stirnweis of the N. Y. Yankees, George Case and George Myatt of the Senators—show you how to run . . . how to slide . . . how to steal. It's all there in easy-reading comic book style—with a hundred full-color, action pictures taken from the Spalding co-sponsored OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE FILM!

Be the first of your gang to know the science of playing and running the bases. Win ball games on the base paths for your team. Send for your book today. Fill in coupon now. Enclose 5c to cover postage and handling.

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Send me a copy of “Circling the Bases” by return mail. I enclose 5 cents (in coin or stamps) to cover postage and handling.

Name

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DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE

SAM SPADE

(THE CASE OF THE TELL-TALE COMB)

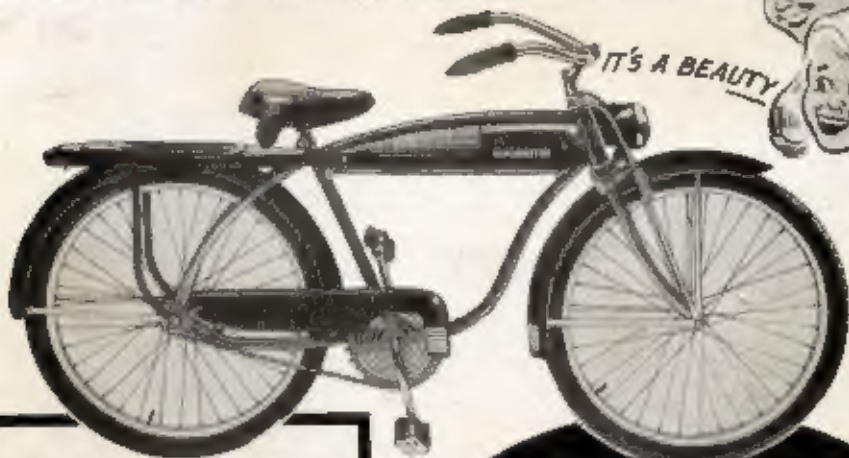
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IT'S A BEAUTY



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Many other features you'll enjoy.

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● Get set for a new world of fun and popularity when you ride this new model Roadmaster, "America's Finer Bicycle". It's a joy you'll long remember. For Roadmaster sets the style and leads the field in beauty and outstanding features. But see this amazing bicycle at your dealer's today.

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Get this exciting 8x10 picture of Bob Feller, America's Stribout King. It's a beauty! Send coupon below and 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Be the envy of your crowd with a Bob Feller picture — all your own.



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